

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.—

VOL. I.

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THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

BY THE EASY CLUB.

ON THE PLEASURES OF SOCIETY.

Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at the mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

GOLDSMITH.

Friend Easy,

I HAVE been often and highly gratified with the weekly treat presented in the pages of the “Companion”—a work which is an honour as well to the taste and literary spirit of Baltimore, as to the character of an individual, whose unremitting assiduity has established a paper calculated to instruct and amuse the serious and the gay;—a paper, which, like another Spectator—as I most fervently pray—will tend the more as it is more known, to divert the attention of our youth from ignorance and dissipation to the pursuit of knowledge and happiness.

Among those of thy first readers, and greatest admirers, I have sometimes thought it my duty to assist in the good work; but a natural diffidence, strengthened by habitual reading without composing, has prevented my attempting to furnish thee, in the form of an essay, with my thoughts relative to the great cause in which thou hast nobly embarked. In order that I may the more completely relieve my conscience of a load no way pleasant, I am determined to assist thee some little at this season (al-

though thou seemest not much in want of it;) and it is with a degree of inward satisfaction that I am afforded this opportunity of bearing testimony to the truth and utility of thy moral essays, and to acknowledge I stand thy debtor. I do not suppose that the “Companion” is read generally by the people called Quakers; but it is received by some, of whom I am one, and I could wish it were more common in their houses:—The heads of families ought to provide interesting short readings for their offspring—and when periodical works of acknowledged merit, whose chasteness and moral worth is questioned by none, are to be had, cheap and without trouble, if they are not fostered by the Parent, the Guardian, and the Patriot, be the charge—if any where—at their door.

I must needs submit myself to be charged with prolixity, should I proceed much farther without having commenced my observations on the pleasures of society. Permit me then to state to thee some arguments, in new language and manner at least, if I should not abound with original ideas. Indeed how can I hope to produce any thing entirely new, on a subject often handled by much abler persons, than thy humble friend. Nevertheless I may yet hope to produce one interesting passage, or place one just sentiment in a favourable point of view—so as to please thy fancy, and possibly to the edification of some of thy readers. Should I be so fortunate, I will say to myself—thou hast wisely spent an hour.

The Pleasures of Society may be variously considered—But the real substantial pleasures, resulting from friendly intercourse and conversation amongst innocent people, are those of which I write. I do not consider as worthy the appellation that intoxicating revelry so prevalent in the night season amongst many of the youth of our seaport towns: Because any practice, whose direct and inevitable consequences are the destruction of innocence and health, cannot, although producing momentary gratification, be worthy the pursuit of reasonable men; for what are mo-

ments of sensual enjoyment, compared with years of inward condemnation—years of mental anguish, from the increasing complaints of a conscience that had been dealt unfairly by—an injured conscience, from whose company no bad man can escape?—Or what are years of mirth and illicit pleasures compared with an eternity of wretchedness?

Wonderful fatality!—stupid inattention! Seduced by the false glare of a painted midnight beauty, the willing victim seizes the polluted prize, and in defiance of his God, in contempt of punishment here and hereafter, flies from moral duty, and violates a positive commandment. Confounding right and wrong, and pain and pleasure—a miserable outcast, he is lost to himself and to the world—unhappy in this world, and doomed to——

Nay, he will not believe me—what does he know of reasoning, who has lost his reason; how can he judge of these predictions, who has thrown away his judgment.—Yet in part he may. Seeing that he pays—and that no little—a physician, for patching his broken constitution; seeing that he cannot sleep, eat, or rest, as better people do, his little remaining sense convinces him he suffers *here*. But, alas, so blind, so obstinately perverse, that though convinced of half, yet, afraid of the truth, he runs backward from the light, and will not see that which is so plain before him. Not all the persuasions of the good, nor all the pain and lamentations of the bad, can convince him of the fact.

Poor deluded traveller! indeed I pity thee—I would thou wert in the “right way.” There is a more pleasant road—which leads to peace—and on which thou wilt find an abundance of cheerful happy people, in whose innocent company are the best *pleasures of society*.

Instead of the noisy out-door “amusements”—as they are called—how much more rational the friendly associations of domestick life. Society should not be limited to scenes no way superior to the faculties of dumb creatures. The conversations of innocent people are infinitely above the ruinous practices now so prevalent. How swiftly hours, weeks, and years pass away in the estimation of a moral man. He does not in the evening “wish it were tomorrow,” nor in the morning “wish it were night;” no verily—the morning flies fast away, long ere he has arranged all his good intentions—the day has gone by, before he can execute the works of goodness which piety had planned, and benevolence was busied in performing—and in the evening, O beauteous retrospect, how pleasant to review the works of the day!

But, Friend Easy, if we were but all negatively good, how much improved would many be. Omit positive

crimes, dissipation, and improper amusements, how much more happy might we not be: and here permit me to peep into the social circle.

It happens, unfortunately for the improvement of morals, and consequently for the happiness of mankind, that the common topics of conversation, are such as tend to render the youth superficial and irreligious and obscene. I would not give a fig, says a young buck—I could wish it were less the case with old ones too—“I would not give a fig for your insipid relations of travels, voyages, &c. with the accompanying old-fashioned remarks on the difference of learning and improvements in different ages and nations. Give us something funny—that will excite laughter—or hand out the cards, that we may pass away this stormy evening—Oh how long it is till bed-time!”

I remember being on my way from Baltimore to Hagerstown a few years ago, when it happened that I was compelled to seek shelter from a shower in a publick house on the mountain. I there joined company with an elderly friend and his son, who were returning from a visit to their relations in Pennsylvania. The old man said much of the internal improvements of that state—remarking that he had been much pleased with the industry, simplicity, and hospitality of its inhabitants. He thought they were good and improving people—and appeared very thankful for having been favoured with an opportunity of travelling over a country now abounding with clover-fields, turnpikes and bridges, which a few years back—“yea, indeed,” repeated the old man, “within mine own remembrance—which a few years back was little better than wilderness.” He informed me that he had travelled with two objects in view—his own pleasure, and his son’s improvement. Here the son first condescended to take a part in the conversation—such a part, Edward, and with success, as thou soon shalt hear.

The young man, who was called George, was in his nineteenth year—was one of those young friends who require much watching, and much advice from parents to be kept within the bounds of moderation; nor could I with safety said of George that he observed such bounds when from under his father’s eye. He rode a fine horse, and to prove that he valued him high, George would willingly kill him rather than be left behind in pursuit of a fox.

On the old man’s stating his reasons for travelling—the improvement of his son,” &c.—George began that he might be suffered to remain behind hereafter—“for indeed, father, I don’t learn nothing a travelling—nor my horse don’t learn nothing neither.”

George had finished his speech, I felt very thankful that he had not interrupted us before—and equally confident he would raise no argument with his father in this way, for who would pretend to *begin* teaching a fellow during a short retreat from a shower—or whose vanity, friend Easy, would induce them to endeavour at convincing George that his horse had been studying geography, architecture, or any thing else than eating and drinking. Such however is the fact—some people might just as well travel blindfolded and gagged as otherwise: for unless it so happen that they fall in with something “*funny*”—that is, mischief—or something adventurous—as fighting: they can inform one of nothing they have seen. The journal of one of these people would state that he had reached Baltimore from the capital, in one day; Philadelphia in two more, and so on;—but no unnecessary notes between these entries—that would not do, as he would then have something to talk about after his return home, beside drinking, cursing, fighting, &c. &c. Now it will not do for these empty-headed folks to talk sociably on any subject that will not admit of profanity, obscenity, and loud *ha ha*'s—unless thou wilt convince them that the *pleasures of society* consist not in such intemperate mirth, and wickedness. Some few, I will grant, can keep up a conversation of some length by calumniating persons not present. Though this last mentioned practice does not much prevail in this city, yet as such a contemptible vice as slander has a footing here, I apprehend, friend Easy, it becomes a part of thy duty to attack it in its youth, and expel it “*while yet ye may*.” Slander, it is said, runs to great heights in some parts of this country—inso much that considerable numbers of people, (who cannot swear,) cannot talk, if she be expelled the company. I wish it may be no calumny to make this statement—but if so, I shall be sorry for having spoken so ill-naturedly of any portion of my brethren and countrymen—however, Edward, as I have it, even so I give it thee.

I have heard some young people—I hope I may not be told it is the case with some old people—say that there were not subjects for social conversation, without canvassing one another's characters—without drinking and swearing and fighting. So thought George, and, perhaps, George's horse too. But ADDISON, JOHNSON, YOUNG, or SWIFT, whose labours are a lasting monument of the true dignity of mankind, thought not so—and I hope that thou mayest place it in the power of posterity, and they may have honesty to acknowledge, that the useful labours of “*EDWARD EASY, Esq.*” have tended very much to enlighten and soften the manners of

this people. It is likewise my wish, that with the increasing circulation of thy papers, literary men may flourish, and be rewarded by their fellow-men here, for their efforts to please and inform—by their Maker hereafter, for their pious works and good intentions.

Let us not be told, by the dissolute, the Fribbles, and the Shallows, of whom thou hast from time to time given us some account, that more useful and more rational subjects cannot be held constant topics of conversation. Let no one think light of the blessings we enjoy in virtuous female society. For myself I can find no company so pleasing as that of my wife and children. Though the assiduous gilder Time has, in three score years, silvered o'er my head, though the troubles of a long life have worn off the keen edge of ardent youth in me, and deprived the best of women of her external charms, yet am I happy and grateful with my constant friend and partner through life; the beauties of whose mind, defy the corroding hand of Time himself; she is my consolation in sickness, and the partaker of my pleasures in healthful seasons. I well remember too the pleasures of past times—when from the simplicity of my manners and my reputed integrity, I enjoyed the confidence of the young women, with whom I spent many an happy hour—whose company I ever sought when vexed in the world of business; for here we must meet with troubles and vexations, but there we may soon forget them all. It is in virtuous female circles we check the course of anger, soften the disposition, render smooth the rugged road of life—in short, it is here we may find the true *pleasures of society*.

The more virtuous any people are, the more happy; therefore I apprehend no contradiction from the most angry political champion when I say—that *he who teaches his countrymen VIRTUE, deserves his country's thanks*. For which desirable purpose preaching alone will not suffice—we must shew a good example to the younger branches of society. If thou art not already impatient at the length of this paper, I will furnish thee with a humorous literary anecdote, which seems not foreign to this part of my discourse. It is related by JOHN MOORE, in his “*View of Society and Manners*.”

‘A lady, whose education had been neglected in her youth, and who had arrived at a very ripe age without perceiving any inconveniency from the accident, had obtained, by the interest of some of her relations, a place at the *Court of Brunswick*. She had not been long there, till she perceived that the conversation in the Duchess's apartments frequently turned on subjects of which she was entirely ignorant, and that those ladies had most of her

‘royal highness’s ear, who were best acquainted with
‘books. She regretted, for the first time, the neglect of
‘her own education; and although she had hitherto con-
‘sidered that kind of knowledge, which is derived from
‘reading, as unbecoming a woman of quality, yet, as it
‘was now fashionable at court, she resolved to study hard,
‘that she might get to the top of the mode as fast as possi-
‘ble. She mentioned this resolution to the Duchess, de-
‘siring at the same time, that her highness would lend her
‘a book to begin. The Duchess applauded her design,
‘and promised to send her one of the most useful books in
‘her library—it was a French and German dictionary.
‘Some days after, her highness enquired how she relished
‘the book. Infinitely, replied this studious lady—It is the
‘most delightful book I ever saw—The sentences are all
‘short and easily understood, and the letters charmingly
‘arranged in ranks, like soldiers on the parade; whereas
‘in some other books which I have seen, they are ming-
‘led together in a confused manner, like a mere mob, so
‘that it is no pleasure to look at them, and very difficult to
‘know what they mean. But I am no longer surprised,
‘added she, at the satisfaction your royal highness takes in
‘study!’

I am of opinion, friend Easy, that this lady, and George,
and George’s horse, would form a little circle, on whose
stupid hours the Genius of Literature would never in-
trude—three happy beings, equally incapable of appreciat-
ing the true *Pleasures of Society*. T.

THE PEDESTRIAN—RAMBLE II.

(Concluded from page 342.)

Mr. Easy,

I have been unpardonably negligent with regard to the
conclusion of this narrative. The fact is, I have not alto-
gether the command of my own time—and being otherwise
engaged, I thought, from the number of original papers
provided by my brethren of the quill, you would be willing
to indulge me a week. The second week I satisfied myself
with a like excuse; but now a third has come, I must for-
ward the remainder, before the philosophical OMEGA en-
gages all your writers in a *war of bells and sounds*! I will
now give you the balance of the history.

From repeated visits, Albert had imbibed a relish for
the society of the amiable Susan which rendered him in-
different to that of his equals in respect to pecuniary cir-
cumstances. He was now seldom recognized in the gay
circles, and scarcely ever made his appearance in the
fashionable ball-room, where he formerly acted so con-
spicuous a part. Doubtful as to the sentiments of his fa-

ther, he had purposely delayed making known his wish-
es, lest he might be commanded to forsake the “poor
girl.” However he had remained silent as long as the
ardour of his passion would permit, when he came to the
resolution of consulting his honoured parent—who no
sooner heard his honest (and honourable) declaration,
than, offended at what he termed a vulgar humiliation of
spirit, he peremptorily commanded his son immediately
to choose between “his protection and the young beg-
gars’ love!” Awed by his father’s dreadful frown, alarm-
ed at the idea of being himself reduced in a moment to
the very lowest poverty—for he was not nineteen, nor had
he made himself master of any profession, which would
afford him an honest maintenance—Albert, prompted by
the infernal author of deep laid mischiefs, without much
seeming embarrassment, promised obedience to his father’s
orders. He now, in the fogs of desperation, lost sight of
his favourite quotation; and no longer exclaimed,

‘Hail, wedded love!——

‘Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure.

But commenced deceiver. He was too deeply entang-
led ever to think seriously of not seeing Susan—at the
same time too mercenary to be honest. He determined
to keep Susan ignorant of what had passed, that he
might now have an opportunity to corrupt her heart, and,
if possible, destroy her by her own consent. He became
more assiduous to please—“Oh how he loved the sweet
angel!” Many fine presents and repeated asseverations
of eternal love follow on in swift succession—until Aunt
Betty took the alarm: She remarked, that as Albert’s
flame increased, “so did his caution too.” Although
his visits were frequent, yet they were generally under
cover of night; in short, the suspicious Argus observed,
that Albert would never in his love-sick walks with Su-
san come into town, especially near that neighbourhood
where his home was—and being herself more under the
influence of Minerva than Venus, she determined to ex-
ercise her ingenuity in unravelling this mysterious web
that now concealed the destiny of her niece. She made
acquaintance with Albert’s neighbours—from one of
whom she soon learned, “that the young gentleman had
been attached to a young woman in obscurity at the other
end of the town—but it having come to the knowledge of
his father, Albert had dropt the acquaintance without
much regret—and never went that way now.”

Satisfied with this information, Betty returned with one
more argument in favour of her position; for Betty enter-
tained no better opinion of the men than did the spiteful
Alexander Pope of her sex—but Betty was least to be

blamed, for she never aspired to immortality as an author, or teacher of mankind. Betty returned to the house of Mr. J. repeating—*every man is at heart a knave*. She informed the astonished Susan of what she had heard; conjuring her to avoid Albert as she would a serpent—“in truth,” continued Betty, as she became quite sublime in her denunciations against the men, “man is himself the secret serpent, the common enemy of innocence—who waylays female virtue at every turn in life, and feeds on our characters and peace as a tiger on his prey! In your journey through life to peace, my dear girl, I fear you may, when without me for a protector, meet

“Such ambush, laid among sweet flowers and shades,

“Waiting with hellish rancour imminent

“To intercept thy way, or send thee back

“Despoiled of innocence, of faith, of bliss!”

Betty used every argument she was possessed of in order to break off the intimacy—but from her entire ignorance of the duplicity of this description of men, Susan could not be convinced that she was really in danger from any possible design on the part of Albert; for she gave full credence to his declaration when he said, that it was a malicious lie of some enemy who envied his situation. Fearful however that this delusion could not continue long, he made a bold attempt under cloak of affected sensibility to unhinge the “prejudices of education,” by talking much of the “rights of women” and of the “perfectability of man.” He had hoped that by a well cemented platonick friendship, he might so far gain the affections of an unsuspecting girl, as completely to triumph over religion, morality, and virtue. So far as she could see the tendency of his doctrines, she abhorred the innovation, and by a proper communication with her aunt, Betty was enabled to defeat this diabolical attempt.

Albert’s case being now thought desperate, he formed the villainous design of kidnapping the girl. He had read of ladies being stolen, and secreted in caves, and castles, and other horrid places, by such European adventurers as never had existence, but in the pages of romance; and began to ape their practices. He at length really had a coach in waiting, when one evening he walked out with Susan. But such was the confusion of his brain, that he neither procured assistants nor provided a haunted castle to lodge her in—so that before they had drove far, Susan discovered from his wild behaviour, occasioned by the disturbed state of his mind, that he meant no good—she informed the coachman of her apprehensions, who, being none of those imaginary understrappers in villany that novel-writers would make us be-

lieve infest other parts of the globe, he put several unexpected interrogatories to Albert, which he found inconvenient to answer. Upon being thus detected, he attempted to escape; but the coachman seized him, and calling assistants, they were proceeding to bind the culprit—but his guilty conscience smote him; he was terrified at the idea of being publicly exposed in his native city, as such an abandoned wretch; being worked up to a state of mind, little short of insanity, he drew a loaded pistol from his pocket, with which he immediately ended his crimes and his existence here.

Since the death of Albert, the life of Susan, who had an evident partiality for him, has been completely miserable. She continually accuses herself; though as innocent as Virtue’s self, yet is she as miserable as Lady Macbeth. She will at times, in waking dreams, talk strangely of pistols, and most piteously implore the bullet not to kill her Albert! Her recovery is very doubtful. However, to the lasting honour of Albert’s father be it said—that though his contracted soul, brooding over Cent per Cent, caused him to deal too severely with his son, and wrong him in the tenderest place, yet has he sensibility and manly feeling which impel him to provide all he can *with money*, for the comfort of that distressed girl, who should have been his happy daughter.

Dear Brother, I have told you all that prudence will permit of this matter, except of the place of Susan’s present residence—she lives with a family of good repute, on the bank of the Delaware, within two miles of my Uncle. Here creeps through life an unfortunate, who often reminds me of Sterne’s Maria.

Here, Mr. Easy, broke off the Letter; it bore the date of May, 1799; which Leander thinks an inducement to undertake a ramble up the Delaware. But, sir, the Delaware is a long river, and without knowing within two hundred miles where that spot is from which the letter is dated, I feel no way disposed to accompany him. If any of your Pennsylvania correspondents will enquire whether Susan be yet living, and if so, inform us where, I will agree to undertake the perigrination—but not until the *fall sales* are over.

RARIO.

From the manner in which Will Whynsical’s essay in the last Companion was introduced, we did not suppose that any of our fair readers would have taken offence; it was there stated that his “Hints for our female readers,” were inserted as a punishment for the severity with which he treats the ladies for whom he professes so much respect. To this circumstance we suppose our respected correspon-

dent did not attend, or we should not have received such a severe reprimand for giving the ladies an opportunity of defending themselves against a charge often unjustly made in conversation.

Our friend Helena stands on high ground, and is exempt from the reigning follies of the day; we will therefore, to her hazard an observation which we hope she will communicate to some fair ones less prudent than herself: truth stings more keenly than falsehood, or in law-phrasology, "the greater the truth the greater the libel." It is commonly therefore better to remain quiet under general censure. For in such case, if an individual shew displeasure, the ill-natured world will be wicked enough to say "the shoe fits." We kiss the hand of the fair Helena, even though raised in anger.

Gentlemen of the Easy Club,

The ridiculous jargon of words thrown together by WILL WHYMSICAL, and published in your last number, is totally beneath notice; it is certainly too pitiful an abuse of the female character to excite any other sentiment than that of contempt. But I must acknowledge my surprize, that the gentlemen of the Easy Club should give countenance to such scribblers, by inserting a piece that wants both *wit* and *spirit* to render it amusing, and *truth* to make it respectable.

Should there be a corporation of female *Ideots*, their debates about nothing at all, (as Mr. Whymiscal would say) would amount to full as much, both as to wit or substance, as his unmanly attack on the whole sex. The ladies whom he visits must certainly be very polite if they always accommodate their conversation to their company, and discuss no other topics than those of dress and fashion in his presence; he is surely very ungrateful to rail at them for their great condescension.

The Editor (Mr Easy) thought too much of the dignity of his paper to sacrifice to insignificance a page that might be usefully filled; therefore, gentlemen, is it not better to leave Mr. Whymiscal in quiet possession of his waste paper? that when he takes a whim to light a segar, he may have a whim of his lucubrations to set fire to it: they would then shine for an instant in borrowed lustre and sink into everlasting oblivion, leaving not the shadow of a shade to tell that "such things were."

HELENA.

To the Easy Club.

I was highly flattered by your kind attention to my complaint in the 39th number of the Companion. You therein declared your fixed determination to "protect the ladies

from insult," &c. Oh how my heart leapt with joy at witnessing the existence of a Club of loyal knights, whose gallant spirits, partaking of the chivalrous honour of ancient times, thus impelled them onward in defence of weak and inoffensive women! Oft have I offered up my fervent orisons to heaven, as by bright Cynthia's light I paced the flowry aisles, for your prosperity and happiness. But alas! how are the mighty fallen! Just at the time when I was about to make another appeal to your justice—with what amazement did I read the insulting piece of one of your own body! Pardon the momentary suspicion of a timorous female—for in the moment of alarm, I imagined you had all turned traitors to the noble cause in which you had so honourably embarked: but, on again reading over your preface to that saucy fellow's calumny, I became reconciled to all the Club, except the *Whymiscal Traitor*. He may deceive you, by false declarations—he may, in moments of brandy-mellowness, make large oaths of his friendship for us; but indeed I would not trust him. And a clear proof of his doubtful integrity is, that the only essay of his which you have thought proper to admit to light, and that most undeservedly, is an ill-natured, good for nothing libel on us. You say, it was published by way of punishment to him—but really now, dear Mr. Steady, and Mr. Razorblade, Friend Scruple, and Captain Frankly, (for I cannot address myself again to that unworthy member) I think you should *expel* the traitor.

I am not angry—nor will I scold; and yet I must be permitted to insist upon this, that the traitor shall have no vote on any piece of mine.

I will now state my case, with all the composure I am mistress of—but I know I shall make a poor hand of it, because my temper was a little ruffled to think of the faulty member.

However I have to trouble you this time on the subject of *receipts*. I have heard of many—such as, "to cure a cough," "to whiten the skin," &c.—"to make a good husband," or "a kind mother"—but I wish you to publish a receipt to enable a diffident person to assume a degree of confidence that will prevent their feeling awkward or uneasy when in company with strangers. I don't mean, dear Easy, that you should cover my face with a brazen shield, which, while it prevents a blush, repels respect too: O no not for the world! I would no more like an *impudent lady*, than I would a *treacherous friend*—no personal reflections, gentlemen.

Your chastising HAIRBRAIN for me, and the representation of one or two friends, have so far opened my eyes as to clear me of his visits. Now I am fully sensible of

his unworthiness, and feel no longer a predilection for him—but am often teased by my acquaintance, who are continually alluding to my former attachment, in an oblique manner which disconcerts me very much. When I am in good spirits, and assisting in no small measure to the rational entertainment of the company—some evil-disposed person present will break out with “what a pity ’tis that some people of intelligence should patronize ignorance by admitting such, or such, illiterate characters to intimacy.” My crimsoned cheeks immediately attract the attention of the company—and though their goodness induce them to avoid as much as possible noticing it, yet such is my unconquerable diffidence, that I am for the whole evening completely out of countenance. The case here mentioned, is the most common with me; but on most occasions, I am terribly punished by what Addison calls a *shameful bashfulness*. I am willing to believe, you will befriend me herein—but don’t ask the advice of the traitor.

EDITH.

The Easy Club present their compliments to Miss Edith, assuring her that her case shall in some future number be attended to. We hope she will not be offended when we say, that Will is too valuable a member to deserve expulsion for *one fault*. Besides he ought to have a hearing.

PARAGRAPH EXTRA—BY RARIO.

All up in arms! says Leander, as he entered the hall, where half a dozen of us were in a friendly manner picking holes in WILL WHYMSICAL’S coat. “All up in arms, who are worthy of bearing them,” replied Lavinia—and positively, Messieurs the gentlemen of the Easy Club, I never before witnessed so much spirit in the charming little creature. Had I not previously been her most passionate admirer, her spirited resentment of the *whimsical insult*, as she termed it, and the bewitching effect it had on her animated countenance, would have chained me down to her foot-stool. It was not *passion*—no—it was Virtue, Dignity, and Intelligence, all, through the medium of my adorable Lavinia, entering their solemn protest against the common enemy: It was their united voices raised in defence of the gallantry and politeness of the age. Leander said it was strange that the town should blame Will, for writing a paragraph for his own amusement. “We do not blame him for *writing*; but he certainly is to blame for having it published—and it matters not under what deceptive trick it got to the press, for it could never have appeared in the Companion without the consent of the gentlemen who conduct it.” Here I was compelled to take a

part in the debate, rather than permit the company to turn their artillery against the Club generally, whose members I very much esteem—and whose characters, so long as they labour in the vineyard of Literature, for the entertainment and instruction of us all, I would defend even against the ladies—yes, if possible, against my own mistress. I declared in plain terms that I was personally acquainted with Will—and knew very well he would contradict the sentiment in the piece which was the subject of the debate: For, says I, addressing myself to Lavinia, although, as you have justly observed, Will seldom writes for the publick eye, yet I myself heard Mr. Easy say, that Will’s wit and sprightly conversation on club-nights, always enlivened the other members, and enabled them to write—so, like Falstaff’s wit, Will can write, and he can do more, *make others write*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

It is with reluctance we refuse to insert any communication from a correspondent who often assists us with valuable essays; but it will sometimes happen, that the production of a good writer will be such as would not add to his reputation if published. We endeavour to decide impartially, without any fastidious objections on account of trifling errors, which we always take the liberty to correct; but when the whole essay, in our opinion, falls far below the writer’s usual stile of composition, we think we perform our duty to him, as well as the publick, by omitting to publish it.

The “Ode to Laura,” and “the Dew drop,” for the above reason, cannot be inserted; they have not been polished with that attention which this writer, for his own sake, should bestow on all his writings before they are sent for insertion; and they are not such as, from his former productions, we have a right to expect.

We request the writer of “Verses on the death of a young friend in the West-Indies,” to shew his production to some judicious and candid friend, who will point out to him alterations which will make his verses more acceptable to the publick, and reputable to himself; they contain several weak lines, which are the more inexcusable as the general tenor of the verse and sentiments prove that the author is capable of writing better. The same objection exists to the “Verses on Hudson.”

GEORGE GRAVITY, YELSE, and “A warning voice” were received too late for this week.

The author of the “*Essay on Taste*” is requested, if consistent with his plan, to make each essay longer, which will enable him to treat the subject more at large.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO HIM WHO WILL UNDERSTAND IT.

O how it soothes the woe-worn heart
To have one faithful friend,
To whom each grief we may impart
And on his truth depend ;

And ev'n when mirth the mind employs
And animates the breast,
True friendship can increase our joys
And give them greater zest.

Tho' blest with riches, power and health,
Without a friend sincere
Not all the aid of pomp and wealth
Can happiness confer.

That jewel rare so much desir'd
I hope to find in you—
A friend by mutual faith inspir'd
Affectionate and true.

PHILO.

LINES BY A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD

Pause, gentle friend ! pass not in silence by,
For in this grave sweet innocence doth lie.
Unhappy day ! with what a dismal light,
Dost thou appear to my afflicted sight !
In vain the cheerful spring returns with thee,
There is no future cheerful spring for me—
While my dear Sally withers in the tomb,
Untimely cropt, nor sees a second bloom ;
The flowers no more their former beauties boast,
Their painted hues and fragrant scents are lost ;
Nor stars, nor sun, my gloomy fancy cheers,
But here on earth a gloomy prospect wears.
The hour that snatch'd my Sally from these arms,
Rent from the face of nature all its charms.
Best gift that heaven's indulgence can bestow !
To thee our surest happiness we owe ;
Thou all the flying pleasures dost restore,
Which but for thee, blest memory, were no more :
For we no sooner grasp some frail delight,
But ready for its everlasting flight ;
Ere we can call the hasty bliss our own,
Without thy aid it is for ever gone—
O ! could I hear thy gentle voice again,
Or one short moment sight of thee obtain ;
If but to take a last a sad adieu.
What vain illusions my wild thoughts pursue !
The shades of death are drawn—perpetual night
For ever hide thee from my longing sight.
O when shall I, stretch'd on my dusty bed,
Forget my woes and mingle with the dead ?
To pay the pang of parting, fate ordains
A blissful meeting on the heavenly plains ;
In those bright realms of never ending joy,
Where peace eternal smiles without alloy.

ARRABELLA

O love, thou lenient balm to every care,
How sweet thy influence on our chequer'd lives,
When chaste thy vows, and piously sincere,
How great the good that man from thee derives ?

Lost to the world, and to himself is he
Whose heart's not gladden'd by thy genial ray ;
Whose soul, devoid of sensibility,
Ne'er feels thy aid in life's tempestuous day.

Who wants that bliss thy genial flame inspires,
Wants the best good, our genial state can give ;
Whose heart not glows with thy celestial fires,
Say to what end what purpose does he live ?

" Then come, my Anna, loveliest of the sex,
" With me oh twine the silken tie of love ;
" Sooth the harsh cares which human life perplex,
" With joy, affection only can improve.

" Yes, let me cherish hope, nor hope in vain,
" To share with thee the bliss it can bestow :
" Of thee possess, that bliss I shall obtain,
And have complete my highest wish below.

" Alas ! what sorrows wring my tortur'd heart,
" To morrow's dawn imperious fate commands,
" That I from thee, my love, my life, must part,
" A cheerless wanderer in far distant lands.

" But oh ! forgive the fears that haunt my breast,
" Perplex my thoughts, and rack my nightly rest,
" I know thy truth,...and may life cease to move,
" If I neglect thee, or e'er change my love.

EDWIN.

Written on hearing a Lady shriek at the sight of a Mouse.

NATURA, ALMA MATER.

To all her dear offspring has nature been kind,
Tho' fools all their lives to her favours are blind :
To some she gives strength, as their lot may best suit,
And fleetness to others, to avoid the pursuit,
In vigilance too she has safety design'd ;
While flocks find protection in union combin'd,
With passive defence the Tarapin's arm'd,
And by semblance of death th' Opossum's unharm'd ;
But on themes more exalted, her wisdom's more shown,
For the shriek of a Lady's a life guard alone.

FLETA.

TO SOLUS.

Since poetry, you say, your trade is,
And you are laureat for the ladies ;
Your promised aid we now expect,
When by Will Whymical attack'd.
We hope you'll trim the scribbler rarely
For writing 'gainst us so severely,
And punish him for his ill-nature
By your severest wit and satire.
If you're our man, you now must shew it,
We'll hail you then THE LADIES' POET.

EIGHT LADIES.